

—Quite a lot of rafting was done on the river this week.

—There were seventy-five applications for liquor license, at the recent term of the Randolph County Court.

—James F. Byrd, so well known to the people of this town, has announced himself and entered into the race for the treasurership of Bath county.

—Richard Mathews, a first-class shoemaker, has established a shop in town. He is well known as a fine workman; having been located at Mill Point for a number of years.

—James McAvay was found dead in his room at the Central Hotel at Grafton, asphyxiated by natural gas. The pipe supplying a stove in his room had burst. He was a brother to the proprietor of the hotel.

—Col. O'Connell's drive was unable to work on Monday owing to the loss of their boats. The rise in the creek was so unexpected that the boats were pulled loose from their moorings.

—W. McClintic, Esq., sent off the prize yoke of steers last week. They weighed 3990 pounds, one weighed 2045 pounds, and the other 1945 pounds. They were the largest cattle seen in this part in a long time. They were raised by Mr. Sherman Clark, of the Levels.

—At Edray last Monday Abe Shinnberry was tried for a misdemeanor before Justice Cook. A jury was demanded, and after an exciting and somewhat lengthy trial a verdict of not guilty was rendered by the jury. Attorneys McNeil and Bratton represented the prosecuting witness and defendant, respectively.

—The river and Knapp's Creek were high last Monday morning, the waters of the creek being very nearly up to the public school buildings. The river was higher than it has been for several years, and is apt to give the town of Ronceverte a shaking on account of the immense number of logs in the river.

—There is a gigantic lie going the rounds of a certain big bird in Webster County, with wings which spread 18 feet, and which carries off sheep and deer. Recently, it is said, it captured a ten year old girl and carried her away to its eerie, where it devoured her. It is described as having fearful talons and tremendous eyes. It is needless to say that the whole is a monstrous lie, as we are right in the bird's supposed hunting ground ourselves.

—Pat Simmons made a fine display of nerve last Sunday night. He was out hunting the jail birds who had fled the scene. He had been to Driscol and was returning, looking every minute to meet them riding stolen horses. He met two men riding on a perpendicular bluff two hundred feet high, opposite Barclay's mill-dam, who answered the description exactly. Pat held them up right manfully with a Winchester rifle. It proved to be some of the searching party, who were out hoping and dreading to overhaul the desperadoes. As Mr. Simmons was riding Lock McClintic's "Pat," it is hard to say what the harvest would have been had he had occasion to fire a gun from his back. They both would probably have taken a flying jump over the brink. Ichabod Crane's horse, "Gunpowder," wouldn't have been in it at all.

Ronceverte Items.

Ronceverte by latest estimates has a population of 1070, in the corporation, and about as many in the suburban groups, that cluster around; making an aggregate of over two thousand.

The St. Lawrence Mills are running on double time, and are turning out one hundred and seventy-five thousand feet per day.

J. Mason Price, Esq., is mayor of the town, and is kept quite busy in corporation affairs, the present lively times.

It was pleasant to hear our Pocahontas citizens here on the drive, commended for their good behavior, and their returning home with their well earned wages to be put to good uses there.

Times office for jobwork.

THROUGH THE COOP!

THE TWO NEGRO PRISONERS PLAY THE JAILER A NASTY TRICK.

Alex. Armstrong and Frank Cumberland, the notorious pair of negro burglars, upon whose capture and certain conviction the whole county was looking with feelings of deepest satisfaction, gave Jailer Siple the slip last Sunday night, and left him bemoaning his fate as a victim of misplaced confidence.

On that evening the jailer went into the jail to give the prisoners their supper and make everything ready for the night. The negroes were in a cell on the left hand side near the door of the corridor. The lever locking the cells was thrown, barring the cell doors, but the "dead-lock," which would have prevented the occurrence, was not adjusted, and this was the one little bit of negligence on the jailer's part. The jailer then unlocked the door of the corridor and went into a cell beyond where the negroes were confined to get a slop bucket. While he was in this cell the two prisoners clambered up the side of their cage, reached through the bars, and slid the levers back releasing the door, which could never have been done had the catch been adjusted to the lever. In an instant they were in the corridor, through the door, which Cumberland locked in the jailer's face. Just at this point the jailer would have given all he was worth to have had his hands on his trusty pistol which he had failed to bring along.

The occasion was evidently such that words were wholly superfluous, and none passed. The negroes ran through the hallway, out at the front door of the jail, and climbing the bluff back of the jail, passed by the cemetery and out of sight just about dusk. The jailer's wife liberated him in a few minutes, and the alarm was given.

THE CHASE.

In a few minutes a number of men were on the ground, among whom was the State's Attorney, Mr. L. M. McClintic. He placed a reward of \$200 upon them, assuring the crowd that if the County Court refused to ratify it, that it would be raised from the contributions of private citizens. There were a number of ready helpers at hand with arms and horses, eager for the chase, reward or no reward, for it has been said that of all exciting work nothing comes near that of hunting a man. In the direction the fugitives took there lie miles of unbroken wilderness, and if they kept to the woods search would be hopeless. It was universally supposed that they would steal horses and make for some railroad station. They would have the choice of Hot Springs, Millboro, White Sulphur, Ronceverte, Camden-on-the-Gauley, Pickens, Beverly, Elkins, or Davis as the point at which they might board a train. Runners were sent in all directions, and the roads of the county were well patrolled that night. This country has not seen in years such a rain as fell that night. The water came down in a perfect sheet. The roads were transformed into streams of water. The streams speedily became too high to be forded, and the condition of the fugitives in the wet brush can be imagined. They were very thinly clothed and without food. The writer is perfectly able to speak of that night, for he was out until three in the morning, and of all the storms to which he has ever been exposed; this was the worst. No sign of the men were discovered that night. The next morning waters of the county were all past riding, which would cut them off from any direction except to the north. On this morning Mrs. S. L. Brown saw a negro on the point of a high ridge overlooking the town. As no one lives in this direction, and no one could be there hunting at this time of year, the only conclusion that could be drawn was that it was one of the men wanted. A large party with Winchesters surrounded the ridge and searched it carefully, but no sign was discovered. The whole country is aroused, as these men are believed to be the parties guilty of the atrocious robberies at the Levels, which have terrorized that community. Notwithstanding that

the evidence against them was meagre when they were arrested in January, any one who has knowledge of the evidence collected by the Prosecuting Attorney and Sheriff, has had every scintilla of doubt as to their guilt removed. Only enough evidence was put before the grand jury to secure an indictment, much of the most important evidence being reserved on the part of the State.

DESCRIPTION OF THE MEN.

Armstrong is a man of about thirty-five. He is a light mulatto, has a long-like face in which the bones show prominently; wore a black, heavy mustache and small side-burns; is about six feet high; has a defective front tooth; is a loud and fluent talker and gesticulates freely; is the leader of the party and the spokesman, and has a very intelligent face. He spent the first part of his life in Pocahontas, but since then has lived in Ohio, where he served a term in the penitentiary. Cumberland is a younger and darker negro; has a broad and short face and a very wide mouth, reminds one of a catfish; has a brutal and very unprepossessing look; the lower part of his face is seared and seared as though by scrofula or other skin disease. Both are large, powerful men, and may be expected to make a desperate resistance if arrested. Are supposed to be unarmed.

WHOSE FAULT IS IT?

This is the most difficult part of the account to write. A kind-hearted man approached both newspapers with the request that we write up the account in such a manner as that "no blame would attach to either the jail or the jailer." This made us feel disposed to lay it upon some body *in pais*, as they say in law. However, Jailer Siple, who is one of our most respected officials, and with whom no one has ever heretofore had the least occasion to find fault, relieves our embarrassment by declaring that it was no fault of the jail. The matter is just simply this that the slight omission of failing to secure the lever in the ordinary manner was noticed by the prisoners and their boldness enabled them to carry out their attempt with great coolness and dispatch. We may feel very sure that this is the very last escape that will be made, if Will Siple keeps that jail for fifty years. During the last year there have been seven arrests made of men charged with felony. Of these four have broken jail. This makes the business a very serious matter. When the new jail was occupied this fashion of escaping was supposed to be one of the past, but nevertheless the old established historical fact has again been demonstrated that "there has never been a jail or fortress built so securely but that at some time or other the ingenuity of man has accomplished an escape from it." The superintendent of the building, which has just been finished, remarked, on hearing the news, that the "Manly Manufacturing Company has always claimed that it could make the jails, but was unable to make jailers." Armstrong is the man who burnt a hole through an eight-inch, solid-oak wall at Huntersville, and crawled through it, and he ought to have been put in chains after that.

THE CAPTURE.

This account, which is fast growing to be of magazine length, can be made complete by details of the capture of the prisoners. About dusk on Tuesday evening, exactly two days from the escape, great noise of people shouting and cries of "rope!" "rope!" were heard all over town, and a large procession escorted Armstrong and Cumberland through the main street of the town and saw them safely lodged in jail.

The men presented a sorry picture, being all but barefooted, with their clothing torn and bedraggled and all their natural vitality washed out of them by the fearful rains while they were wandering and starving in the wet woods of the mountains to the west of us.

The account of the route they took is about in this way: On gaining the top of the Cemetery hill they plunged down, into, and across Knapp's Creek, into Buckley Mountain, crossed the Greenbrier in a stolen canoe at Buckeye, wandered up Swago Creek, crossed over to Stoney Creek; which they

thought was William's River, came down the stream towards Marlinton until they reached the Old Hamlin Chapel, which is an old and almost disused church right on the stream, in which they slept until 9 o'clock Monday morning. Thus they had made almost a circuit of this town within a radius of four miles the first night. The fearful rain that night confused them and they lost their way.

At nine they ascended the mountain to John Curry's and got something to eat—the first in twenty-four hours. Here Armstrong had a chill. They aimed again for William's River and went down Swago by mistake to within a mile from the Greenbrier. Starting right they reached the Burgess Barn, on Beaver Dam, and lay there Monday night. They struck the main branch of William's River that morning about ten miles from Marlinton, having been two nights and a day going that distance. They went down the river and forded it thirteen times. The river was very full.

They reached J. R. Davis' house on Mr. C. E. Beard's place, and got something to eat just a few minutes after Mr. Davis had received word of the escape. Mr. Davis followed them and got Alvon Burr and came on the negroes lying in a patch of brush by a little fire. Covering them with their Winchesters, they ordered them to throw up their hands, which they did with great quickness. They were then marched into town, and arrived almost dead from fatigue and exposure.

Thus ended the most exciting event that ever stirred up the town, though people at a distance may be unable to see how the escape, chase, and capture of two poor devils could have moved the citizens of the town to such an extent. The fact is that every one deemed it his duty to do all in his power to recapture these men, and did not like the idea of the two negroes outwitting the county.

The alarm was so generally given that the men found every the William's River route closed to them, though the least attention was paid to this exit.

Southern Methodist Conference.

The Conference met at Washington, D. C. The minister at Academy, Rev. A. C. Hamill, was returned; Rev. J. T. Maxwell was sent to Green Bank, in place of Rev. C. L. Potter, and Rev. Barrett to Huntersville in Rev. C. M. Sarver's place.

The Clifton Forge Review gives the following notice of the charges given to Rev. C. F. Moore and Rev. John A. Taylor, of this county. It seems that both these gentlemen have received appointments which are among the most important that the Conference had in its power to bestow, outside of the large cities:

"Rev. C. F. Moore, so well and favorably known in Clifton Forge since early in 1890, we are glad to learn, has been placed in charge of the church in Piedmont, West Virginia, a thriving town west of Cumberland, on the Baltimore and Ohio Railroad. Piedmont is quite a growing place. It has a population of some six thousand people, and is healthful, picturesque, and accessible. We think Mr. Moore fortunate in the assignment, and at the same time congratulate the church at that place in securing his services. He will popularize it, if possible, and do valliant service in the cause of the great Master, to which he has re-dedicated his life.

"Rev. John A. Taylor, from West Virginia, the earnest and successful revivalist, who assisted Rev. L. E. Markwood here last fall in a successful meeting, which resulted in more than a hundred additions to the Methodist church, was placed in charge of the Rockville, Maryland, circuit, one of the most populous and desirable circuits within the bounds of the conference.

DO NOT FAIL to attend the festival to be given by the ladies at Mrs. Carter's on next Wednesday evening.

Without Feller, There is No Day
Says Everywhere, Every Day
Very True, but it Kills All Fellers
What a Funny Name!
Lightning Not Drops

Personal.

P. Golden, one of our merchants is off to Baltimore to buy spring goods.

Mr. S. M. Gay made a trip to Alleghany County, Va., this week. Mrs. E. I. Holt, of Academy, was in town last Monday.

Mr. Frank Harper, of Academy, was in Marlinton on Tuesday on some legal matters.

Judge Cook presided in some trials at Marlinton this week.

Curry Skeen, of Covington, is stopping in our town for the present.

Capt. Smith did not go to the woods on the trail of the fugitives from justice, this week. Neither did Dr. Price. The Captain said he did not have the "wind," but that he had the "sand." The Doctor said he had the "wind." They combined and confederated, but were unable to furnish an outfit.

Festival.

The ladies of the Missionary Society of the M. E. Church of Marlinton, will give a festival at the residence of Mrs. Carter, on Wednesday evening the 17th inst. at 6 p. m. Single person 15 cts. or 25 cts. for two. Every body is invited, and we feel sure that the citizens of Marlinton and neighboring towns will be present and reward these ladies for their efforts to give the people a pleasant time.

DENTISTRY, Dr. J. H. Weymouth will be at Huntersville on the 25th of April, and remain 3 days; Green Bank, 29th 3 days; Clover Lick, May 8th 3 days. Call early and make your engagements.

Dilley's Mill.

Fine rains. We are delighted to see spring showers revive the grass, and bid fair for good crops. Plowing is being done.

Prof. C. H. Anderson closed his second term of school at Cope Hill 21st inst. Prof. Anderson is an excellent teacher and taught two very successful terms.

The boys have returned from the drive. Some have gone to help D. O'Connell move his rear.

Sunday School was organized at Mt. Zion last Sunday. Sunday School on the 21st. We want all to come and help us in this good cause.

Rev. C. M. Fultz is with us again and preached a very able sermon at Mt. Zion last Sunday, from Ezekiel, 36: 11.

Fine prospect for wheat in places Mr. Morgan Grimes has the best wheat in all this section of country.

W. L. Moore, Esq., has left this part for awhile. He is at Mr. Geo. Gibson's, near Marlinton. Don't forsake us, "Bill!" Come back soon.

ANONYMOUS

[Through modesty we refrain from printing the last item submitted by this correspondent, which speaks in unmeasured terms of commendation of this paper.—ED.]

Green Bank.

We are having fine growing weather, and grass is coming fine. Stock can be turned out soon if the weather keeps warm.

Mr. and Mrs. P. D. Arbogast, of Traveler's Repose, were visiting relatives in this vicinity last week.

Curry and Beverage, jewelers of Rock Cave, W. Va., were in our town on last week.

Mr. L. Hunter Mooman, who has been attending a medical college in Baltimore one term, is at home, spending vacation at this time.

Died: on the 4th day of April of cancer, Mr. John G. Sutton, after a short illness; a large concourse of sorrowing friends followed his remains to the family burying ground, where he will await the trumpet's sound. He bore his suffering with Christian fortitude, and died in peace leaning on the arm of his Saviour. His funeral will be preached at this place on the 21st of April at 11 o'clock; that being the third Sunday of this month.

Servant of God well done, rest from thy loved employ. The battle's fought, the victory won, enter thy Master's joy.

The mail boy got a ducking in the Hevner Run last Monday, and got no farther than this place. North Fork was on a bender and not to be trifled with, so we got no mail. We had very heavy rains Sunday night.

Messrs. C. B. Collins & Co. will start a raft of ash lumber down the Greenbrier to-day (Tuesday) for Ronceverte.

If you want to trade a horse for a buggy, part pay, call of J. H. Curry, who will trade if your horse suits him. He want a young horse well broken to ride and work. O.